



The Dark and I..



205 23 31

Chapter 1 by Rose Richie Deslorges

I sprang up from the bed,
Covers shielding my head.
I knew it was him,
Or her,
Who constantly watched me,
Lying in my bed.

Chapter 2 by Brandon Olivas



"It's all in your head." "There's nothing in the bed."

But I feel her weight,

or his,

Hear its breath, as bed frame squeaks.

Chapter 3 by celestac



They don't understand
His- her breath is like shadows
Her- his embrace is like ice
What ever it is
It clings to my my heart

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my soul
Its icicle fingertips
tracing my throbbing lips
Feeds off
my fear

Chapter 4 by Michael Gabriel



I cling to my covers
As the linen becomes ice

Attempt to scream into the pillow
only silence and the night

A shiver to shatter me
Shoots up my spine

As all my comfort becomes pain
In the embrace of the andro-wight.

Chapter 5 by Sohum



Fear paralyzes me.

I've never been brave
but it's not the dark that scares me
it's what's inside.

No one should have to suffer
not like I do.

Moonlight projects a shadow
my blanket a screen

What kind of play is this?

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Chapter 6 by Ashirbad Nayak

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The play

where the shadow meets the soul
Sweat meets the pillow
Mirror meets the reflection
Darkness meets the fright
Insomnia meets the night
And
I meet the other me
But what remained as a mystery is..

Is it really a play???

Chapter 7 by Brenton Walker



Or is this just a figment of my imagination?

Or is this demon im dreaming a hallucination?

Am i living in a dream?

Now im living in a dream.

Am i ever gonna wake up?

And if i do will my inner demons still haunt me?

Or will they tear me at the seams?

How many waking nights must be left?

Before this monster is bereft?

Chapter 8 by Charles RadWhale



He- She steps out of the darkness

I do not see

My eyes are covered

and I dare not peak through

She- He whispers delicately

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"The night has just begun"
and I whimper
a chill creeps up my spine

She- He is gone when I open my eyes again
all that is left is a shadowy corner and an open window
I can feel my heart in my throat
my hands- like ice- grip the sheets

"Honey?" My mother's voice calls to me
I do not answer
She does not call again
And as the house groans and creaks I am reminded
the night has just begun

the end

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